



The happy birds Te Deum sing,  
'Tis Mary's month of May;  
Her smile turns winter into spring,  
And darkness into day;  
And there's a fragrance in the air,  
The bells their music make,  
And O the world is bright and fair,  
And all for Mary's sake.

Where'er we seek the holy Child,  
At every sacred spot,  
We meet the Mother undefiled;  
Who shun her seek him not:  
At cloistered Nazareth we see,  
At haunted Bethlehem,  
The throne of Jesus, Mary's knee,  
Her smile, his diadem.

The Daughter, Mother, Spouse of God,  
None silence her appeal  
Who long to tread where Jesus trod,  
What Jesus felt to feel.  
O Virgin-born, from thee we learn  
To love thy Mother dear;  
Her teach us duly to discern,  
And rightly to revere.

To love the Mother, people say,  
Is to defraud the Son;  
For them, alas, there dawns no May,  
Until their hearts are won:  
Then, when their hearts begin to burn,  
Ah, then, to Jesus true,  
And loving whom he loves, they learn  
To love Saint Mary too.

How many are the thoughts that throng  
On faithful souls to-day!  
All year we sing our Lady's song,  
'Tis still the song of May:  
Magnificat! O may we feel  
That rapture more and more;  
And chiefly, Lord, what time we kneel  
Thine altar-throne before.

'Tis then, when at thy feet we pray,  
We share our Lady's mirth;  
Her joy we know who hail to-day  
Thy Eucharistic birth;  
That trembling joy to Mary sent,  
Ah, Christians know it well,  
With whom in his dear sacrament  
Their Saviour deigns to dwell.

Yes, Mary's month has come again,  
The merry month of May;  
And sufferers forget their pain,  
And sorrows flee away,  
And joys return, the hearts whose moan  
Was desolate erewhile  
Are blithe and gay, once more they own  
The charm of Mary's smile.

Thy Son our Brother is, and we,  
Whatever may betide,  
A Mother, Mary, have in thee,  
A guardian and a guide;  
Thy smiles a tale of gladness tell  
No words can ever say;  
If but, like thee, we love him well,  
The year will all be May.

All hail! An angel spake the words  
We lovingly repeat;  
The song-notes of the singing birds  
They are not half so sweet:  
This is a music that endures,  
It cannot pass away,  
For Mary's children it ensures  
A never-ending May.

*Author unknown*

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